

## The Critic

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### Arnold's Place in Literature.

THE popular estimate of Matthew Arnold is a strange example of the myth-making propensity. He is thought to be a supercilious, 'top-lofty' idealist, a finical criticaster, for whom nothing is good enough; an apostle of salvation by sign and pass-word, and a cold rationalist in religion. Fortunately, however, being unpractical to the last degree, he has no following worthy of the name, and his dangerous tendencies may be expected to perish with him. This is the Arnold of popular myth; how different from the real man! Mallock's caricature of him is undoubtedly responsible in part for the public misconception; the rest of the portrait is from the well-known hand of Smather. The writer once heard a theatre-goer excuse himself for his neglect of Henry Irving's performances on the plea that, having seen Mr. Goodwin's clever travesty, he was already well acquainted with the English actor's methods. Preposterous as it sounds, the excuse was given in good faith; the unexpressed major premise being that the speaker had no taste for high art. Nor is it difficult to conjecture why the public has been satisfied to take its valuation of Arnold at second-hand. Arnold deals with general ideas, and general ideas are abomination to the Anglo-Saxon mind. Arnold judges of fitness by universal standards; he studies the parts in relation to the whole; he 'looks before and after'; can anything be more horrifying to the Philistine consciousness? In Philistia it is revolutionary to be consistent; there the multiplication-table itself is only true 'up to a certain point,' as Mr. Brooke of Tipton would say. And so, in Orlando's words, Philistia desired that Arnold and she might be better strangers.

Arnold's main characteristic is his unfailing good sense. In America, fortunately, such a qualification would be deemed indefinite; in England it is not so. In that home of shams and conventions, your half-truth is apt to outvalue its whole; to be eccentric is the fashion, and plain common-sense is rarer than rubies. A species of common-sense, indeed, is current everywhere; but the metal is alloyed in varying proportions. Fixed ideas are as plentiful as blackberries; hallucination is in the very air, and only the strongest can withstand its influence. Shakespeare did; but in Shakespeare's day the disease had not become endemic, although sufficiently prevalent to justify the well-known gibe of the gravedigger in 'Hamlet.' But Arnold's sanity is unimpeachable, and his mental attitude rather Continental than English; indeed, he may properly be regarded as one of the band of interpreters who in the present century have expounded Continental thought to the English-speaking world. We trace the influence of Goethe in Arnold's naturalism, his persistent endeavor to see things as they really are, undistorted by preconceptions and uncolored by *Aberglaube*. Whatever of suggestiveness his criticism affords, will usually be found on analysis to proceed from the same desire to get at the root of the matter which characterizes the scientific investigator. In point of fact, his criticism is simply science applied to taste. And what Arnold sees, his reader must

see too. He lays siege to his reader's understanding as though it were a hostile fortress. We may sing with the heart if we will, but Arnold is determined that we shall sing with the understanding also. The light which is coupled with 'sweetness' in his rallying-cry is not the 'light that never was on sea or land,' but the clear white ray of intellectual truth. And hence it is that, with rare exceptions, what we carry away from Arnold's criticism is not so much this or that bird's-eye-view, this or that literary paradox, as a fuller perception of some general principle; just as we forget a demonstration of Euclid, while remembering his conclusions. In this respect he differs *toto caelo* from his arch-enemy, Macaulay. And if at times his argument seems a trifle elementary, at least he never condescends to pad; he never appeals to anything lower than the best intelligence of his reader. 'To have things all its own way, to abuse its adversary, to back its own notion through thick and thin, to put forward all the *pros* for its own notion, and to suppress all the *contras*,' from all these things, he says, the critical spirit shrinks. And again, 'the great art of criticism is to get oneself out of the way and to let humanity decide.' In all this he set the example of the 'sweet reasonableness' he preached. Of the brutality which is so often an accompaniment of common-sense he shows not the least trace; and certainly it needs a microscopic eye to detect the superciliousness with which he is charged.

As a poet he is distinguished by the same qualities, penetrated and refined by a delicate and tender feeling that rarely finds expression in his prose. A greater concentration and a more perfect absence of self-consciousness have lent a subtler force to his language. The delicacy of phrase and of sentiment that mark his finest work, the mingled pensiveness and serenity, sorrow and hope of which the rainbow tissue of his verse is woven, affect us, like love or music, with an exquisite and irresistible charm.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound  
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;  
He could not wait their passing, he is dead!

The simplicity of that is beyond all praise; note, too, the musical value of the pauses as Arnold has placed them. The uncompleted cadence with which 'The Strayed Reveller' and the 'Scholar-Gypsy' conclude is a fine classical touch. Arnold's poetry is emphatically a poetry of art; 'Thyrsis,' perhaps the noblest elegy in the language, breathes the same refined and exotic aroma as 'Lycidas' itself. He is seldom ardent, never impassioned; the lyric fire and glow are deficient. But if he is never sublime, at least he never attempts to be; his guardian angel—that sober spirit, of mortals hight Good Sense—intervened to prevent his giving a failure to the world.

It is as the exponent of the Time-Spirit, however, that Arnold chiefly claims our attention. Of him it is no less true than of Goethe, that like the world's physician

He struck his finger on the place  
And said 'Thou ailest here, and here!'

The malady which saps the age's heart has never been better described than in the following passage:

we,  
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,  
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,  
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,  
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled;  
Who hesitate and falter life away,  
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day.

But in Arnold's eyes the disease was not incurable; indeed, the afflicted body already contained the germs of its own restoration. And the remedial measures which were indicated he was accustomed to preach, if not 'in season and out of season,' at any rate so persistently as to render it needless to dwell on them here. Perhaps the best summary of his teaching is to be found in his own poem entitled 'Progress.' In religion and theology Arnold had no sympathy with the obscurantist school which seeks to put down

facts by 'cutting them dead' like disagreeable acquaintances. He was bent on seeking and sifting for himself; and it was to his habit of 'seeing clear and thinking straight,' regardless of consequences, that he owed his hold upon the younger generation. Inadequate as his reconstruction of Christian dogmatics appears, it at least represents an irreducible minimum, an impregnable rallying-ground from which new conquests may be won. For men of his day, perplexed by the swarm of new conceptions which science and scholarship have evoked, he has rescued the foundations of the modest temple which is all that religion in the last analysis demands. The clearness of his thought occasionally suggests a shallowness which does not belong to it, a fault which can scarcely be imputed to theological literature as a whole. Arnold was at once the interpreter of the Time-Spirit and the apologist of the Anglican Church—an amiable inconsistency which was probably the result of sentimental associations.

Arnold himself possessed little of the awe with the lack of which he reproaches us Americans. To this defect may in part be attributed the imperfect success of his religious writings. Another and more important deficiency was his lack of moral enthusiasm—a want which has injuriously affected his judgment, not only of orthodox Christianity, but of Emerson, England, America. It must be remembered, however, that his recent criticism of our own social state was merely the reverse of the shield whose brighter side he had already shown. It was full of wholesome truths, the force of which we all recognize; but presented as they were without their necessary complement, they left an impression of inadequate treatment. But, indeed, Arnold shares the defects of his qualities. Of 'sweetness and light' he has his full endowment; but in place of the warmth that should accompany these he supplies an equable mildness of temperature which can hardly be called fructifying. The sympathetic qualities, such as humor and imagination, which he undoubtedly possessed, were kept well in hand, and seldom allowed free rein. His style has been overpraised. At its best it is eminently lucid, orderly, persuasive; but in these respects his work is unequal. His simplicity is somewhat mannered; his art may be French, but it is French with a difference. He is often diffuse, colloquial; the greater restraint which metrical form demands was clearly of service to him. Of 'damnable iteration' he cannot be acquitted, and in this he is false to his classical models, who are content to put their thought into the best possible shape and there leave it. This fault smacks of the lecture-room; but Arnold may possibly have deemed it a necessary mode of driving his ideas home to the minds of the slow-thinking English. His irony, too, is often cheap; one thinks of poor Sydney Smith

Reduced with strenuous efforts loud and long  
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

But, take him all in all, Arnold was precisely the man for his age and country. What is meant by terming him unpractical? True, he did not make laws or ships or sewing-machines; he produced ideas; his thoughts were his works, and these live after him. The criticism savors too much of the commercial spirit with which we are justly reproached. Nor is it truer to say that his influence has been slight. On the contrary, in certain departments his success—or at any rate the success of his school of thought—has been so great as to obliterate the memory of the ideas it has overturned; and the tendency to-day is distinctly in favor of his aims. In politics, it is true, Arnold was out of his element; but in his proper sphere his tempering and restraining influence has left its mark; there are more men of his own stamp in English letters to-day than at any former period. Arnold was not a man of commanding intellect, a great leader of thought. But he made the best use of his talent; what he could, he did, and did thoroughly; he has been useful to the world, and his name stands for something. No far-seen beacon he, set high amidst a waste of tempests

tuous waters; no 'fugitive and gracious light, shy to illumine,' but a good serviceable lantern, to guide our steps in a time of dust and fog—this he strove to be, and this he was. Upon his tombstone might fitly be inscribed the words he has put into the mouth of Empedocles: 'Yea, I take myself to witness that I have loved no darkness, sophisticated no truth, nursed no delusion, allowed no fear.'

EDWARD J. HARDING.

### Reviews

#### An Epic in a New Metre.\*

BEHOLD a new epic, in a new metre! A production, moreover, exhibiting such peculiarities of manner as to lure one to a close examination, wary as the children of the Nineteenth Century, twilight time of mere lyrical swallow-flights, have become in regard to its species. For the extreme liveliness of the present performance is very different from the languor common in artificial epics. 'The Death of Roland' never drags; many actions may be predicated of it—it reels, writhes and swirls, it 'whiffles' and 'burbles' like the Jabberwock; but it does not drag. Unlike most of its fellows, it will never medicine anybody to sweet sleep.

It is the elaborately designed work of a scholar; and the first point requiring comment is the chosen vehicle—a particular metre of the author's own, variously compounded of many several feet. Mr. Rowbotham thinks the attempt to import the Greek hexameter into English 'savour[s] of boyishness.' He has invented 'an Octometer Catalectic, with all its places free except the two last. The admissible feet in the first six places are the Dactyl, Spondee, Trochée, Iambus, Amphibrach, Anapæst, Pæon—with Anacrusis or Double Anacrusis at pleasure. The seventh place is by preference a Trochée, sometimes and rarely a Dactyl. The last is a long syllable.' The author proceeds to give scientific reasons for the being of the new measure, chiefly derived from the principles of music. He adds a note 'On the Recitation of Epic Poetry,' which, he says, 'admits not nor does it desire the mouthing rhetoric of the stage. Its recitation is rather that of a monotonous chant. . . . Here and there at proper places the voice should rise to marked musical inflection, and decorate the chant with a fragment of spontaneous melody. . . . The accompaniment of a musical instrument is at the option of the declaimer.' This 'Octometer Catalectic' is seen at the best advantage in the following onomatopoetic passage:

As when a field of tawny barley is fanned with a freshening breeze  
of wind,  
The tall ears wave and rustle, and musical surges of sighing sound  
arise.

Elsewhere it appears at a grievous disadvantage:

The enemy's tactics—bamboozled utterly, dumb, dumb, confounded  
at 't I am.

Now might I well trust my pair of gallant Paladins, single-handed,  
to

Upset this crafty piece of strategy.

It is obvious that this exceedingly elastic measure may pass at will into others by no means novel.

Make way for the Caliph! Make way for the Caliph! Make way  
for the Caliph—the Caliph of Spain!

Their tall plumes nodding, their armor rattling, a surge arising of  
clanking steel.

This is our 'new metre which has never before been employed in the English language.'

The joys the weary ploughman feels, when downy languor o'er him  
steals,—

such a line, with its 'adventitious decoration' of rhyme,—has  
no startlingly unfamiliar sound.

In fact, Mr. Rowbotham's emancipated Octometer is, 'on the whole, less of a surprise than his epic manner. It is difficult to express the sensations of the reader when he hears

\* *The Death of Roland: An Epic Poem.* By John Frederick Rowbotham, Author of *The History of Music.* London: Trübner & Co.

the taunting Chernubles informing Oliver that Astolpho's 'back-hair came all down' in the death-struggle; when he finds the Saracens 'proggung' the soldiers of Charlemagne 'with their swords and guffawing'—hilarious picture!—threatening to 'chaw' them, advising them to 'go in for suicide,' asking them if they haven't found Roncesvalles 'a perfect menagerie,' and surmising that the staggering, wounded Oliver has 'been at a gin-shop hard a-by.' If this vulgarity were intended as a grotesque foil to the noble dignity of the Paladins, it might be more comprehensible. But Roland himself, in the midst of a really fine passage, descends to the level of our friend Fluellen—an estimable person, but without heroic distinction of style—by the use of the latter's favorite abusive epithet. All this is not, as it momentarily seems, a stupendous joke. It is the deliberate work of the same unfortunate theory which impels the author to his cheap modern similes. Turpin bounces the Saracens' heads about

As when a cricketer, Grace or Hornby, at the wickets with his bat, etc.

Sansonetto flees from Oliver 'as when a thief in London alleys' dodges 'the stalwart citizen.' Derby Day, the chromotrope, the game of skittles—nay, the rat-pit, all furnish illustrations; the modernness is often quite gratuitous and wilful:

As should a bull in a lonely meadow spy a lion, but new escaped  
Afrom some travelling show.

Perhaps the pearl of the author's similes is, however, the comparison of the Saracen multitudes to the swarming black beetles discovered by

One in a London kitchen, entering with candle late at night.

But when these things are said; and when it is added that the savagery, here natural and legitimate, is treated gloatingly, so dwelt upon that the brutality of the sanguinary passages makes Tamburlaine tame; it remains in justice to be stated that 'The Death of Roland' is a work of decided, if perverted, vitality and power. It fascinates, and not wholly by the inherent fascination of the legend, not altogether by the stimulation of curiosity as to what an author so unconventional is going to do next. A keen sense of the picturesque, a quick feeling for the dramatic, an abounding enthusiasm, go far to redeem the eccentricities of Mr. Rowbotham's method. Especially admirable is a single ironic passage, the entrance of the first division of Charlemagne's army into the dark pass of Roncesvalles; where the marching soldiers, noting the black rocks and winding defiles, reflect that it is well for all that these are times of peace; else, netted here like a shoal of fishes, every man of them might fall by treachery. This passage is repeated, like a fateful tolling, as the doomed second division enters the pass. Admirable also is the description of the weary fighters after the first engagement, resting on the grass in the hot afternoon, so still that they can hear the sound of brook and bee; longing, without premonition of further evil, for the cooling night which, for them, shall never fall save as the night of death.

'Summer sunsets, summer sunsets, ye are late,'  
exclaim the veterans who shall go down before the sun. Fine, too, though sadly marred, is the passionate cry of the dying Roland to his sword.

#### Mrs. Oliphant's "The Makers of Venice."\*

WHAT a remarkable person is Mrs. Oliphant, in the history of contemporary literature! She turns out social novels by the score, with Trollopian regularity and average excellency, retaining the attention of a large and constantly pleased audience, notwithstanding her invertebrate productiveness and occasional prolixity. On a sudden, she delights the 'evangelical' world with a little story quite within the orthodox

pale, yet sufficiently novel to cause a flutter of genuine interest and profitable surprise. This she follows with a thoroughly artistic novelette of character in the seen and the unseen worlds; and incidentally prepares very intelligent and useful literary histories or biographies. To act as editor of a series, meanwhile, is but a recreation about equivalent to the preparation of one of her 'juveniles'; while her odd minutes are employed in such books as 'The Makers of Florence,' now followed, after a decade, by a larger and more delightful work on 'The Makers of Venice.' And yet, while the encyclopaedias differ as to the age of this remarkable worker, they agree that she was born 'about' seventy years ago. Mrs. Oliphant and Dr. Holmes are in themselves enough to prove the wholesomeness of literary industry as a promoter of longevity, as well as of that human happiness that may be given by the one to the many.

The smoothness and readability of Mrs. Oliphant's novels, which hardly needed the aid of Mr Aldrich to make the last one (or is it already the last *but one?*) attractive, lend a constant grace to the pages of this history of Venetian statecraft, art, and society. The author is equipped with a fascinating theme, ample material, a resolute industry of search, a firm hand, and an eye for the picturesque. Some of her characterizations and descriptions aptly combine the facts of history in an interesting and swiftly-moving narrative. Had she professed to be a historian, perhaps we would have missed some needed strength and philosophic temper and insight; as it is, we seem to be reading essays on times and men, wherein we get information without the slightest trouble, from a guide who is a friend if not a philosopher. The 'background' and the 'environment,' at least, are all that the most ardent disciple of modern methods could ask; and Mrs. Oliphant has studied them so well as to absorb some of their spirit for the reader's benefit. Nor does she stop with the picturesque past; the recent and the future city are within her vision, which looks on to a Twentieth-Century Italian renaissance of some sort, though hardly like the old. The book needs no further portrayal or analysis; we simply commend it as a fit and real treatment of a theme of perennial attractiveness. It is handsomely printed and bound, and illustrated by well-chosen and well-engraved designs on wood. An index is painfully non-existent.

#### Archibald Forbes's "William of Germany."\*

ARCHIBALD FORBES'S 'William of Germany' heads the long line of biographies which the departure of this eminent ruler will call forth. The greater portion of the book seems to have been ready for publication two years ago, in expectation of the event then apparently near at hand. The closing chapters have been added by Mr. John P. Jackson. It is not much more than a sketch, though a very good one, of the Emperor's career,—four hundred pages affording rather limited space for details of a life that covered nearly a century. Here is enough, however, to give one a fair idea of the influences which molded the man's character, and of that character in its development and maturity. Whatever, as Americans and democrats, we may think of German absolutism and militarism, it is impossible not to admire the persistence and pluck shown by William in carrying out his convictions. King by divine appointment, as he verily believed, he must be king in fact as well as in name; and constitutions and parliaments, pleasing delusions of his subjects, were but as cobwebs if they came in the way of his purposes. Well for his people that those purposes were generally benevolent, that he sought the national good rather than merely selfish ends, and that he really felt his accountability to the Being from whom he claimed to derive his authority!

Mr. Forbes's professional proclivities naturally lead him to give special prominence to war matters, and in his hero's military exploits he finds his most congenial themes. William's early experiences in some of the campaigns of the

\* The Makers of Venice: Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men-of-Letters. By Mrs. Oliphant. With illustrations by R. R. Holmes, F.S.A. \$3. New York: Macmillan & Co.

\* William of Germany. By Archibald Forbes. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

Allies against the first Napoleon,—his reformation of the German army, realized only after a long struggle with a hostile parliament, and furnishing a notable instance of his inflexible determination in carrying out an idea,—the Danish, the Austrian, and finally the French war, each a successful test of German prowess and generalship, and all tending toward that unification of German interests which made the transition from a confederacy to an empire so easy,—these are the events which stand forth most conspicuously in Mr. Forbes's sketch. And of these the Franco-Prussian campaign, as coming within the range of his own personal and careful observation, is most vividly depicted. While giving due credit to Bismarck for his shrewdness, sagacity, and statecraft, the author claims for the Emperor equal ability. And while the fame of the great minister has at times seemed to overshadow that of his master, anyone who traces the life-history of the latter as portrayed in this entertaining volume, must see that he was no mere figure-head, but himself a leader of men, endowed with genius, and will, and foresight, in no common measure. Seeing so much in his character that is admirable, one wishes to know more of this warrior-king, and the book would have been bettered by a few additional glimpses of his home life and relations. For these, however, we must look to biographers of other tastes. In his special sphere, Mr. Forbes has done his work well.

#### Some Recent Books on Chemistry.\*

IF THE YOUTH of the present age do not become proficient in chemistry, it certainly will not be for want of books. Within the last year a large addition has been made to the list. Particular activity is shown in books of the most elementary character—a sign that there is an increasing tendency to carry so-called scientific education down lower and lower. In the books before us there are several grades represented, though four out of the five are more or less elementary. There is one common feature in these four which is highly gratifying to those interested in scientific instruction. They are all based upon the idea that the only way to teach chemistry is to give the pupils the things, and let them work with them. We believe that there are still some places in which the attempt is made to teach chemistry and other natural sciences by means of the old-fashioned 'recitation.' We believe that light is rapidly finding its way over the country, and that sooner or later it will penetrate these benighted regions. It should be proclaimed boldly throughout the length and breadth of the land, that time spent in the study of chemistry without laboratory work of some kind is simply thrown away.

The book of Mr. Williams (1) has some defects which are quite serious, though they are commonly met with. Almost at the very beginning, definitions of atoms and molecules are given before any good reason is seen for supposing that there are such things. The conception of atoms and molecules and their mutual relations is an extremely difficult one, and it is a fair question whether it is advisable to speak of these matters at all when dealing with pupils as young as those for whom this book is intended. How can a pupil at the beginning of a course in chemistry—or at the end of it, for that matter—make anything out of such a statement as this: 'By a law of Chemistry there is the same number of molecules in a given volume of every gas. . . . Hence all *gaseous* molecules are of the same size, including, of course, the surrounding space.' The law of Avogadro can not possibly appeal to the pupil until he has learned something regarding the laws of the union of gaseous elements by volume. The subject of valence is taken up prematurely, and is treated in a most unsatisfactory way. Think of this: 'Different elements differ in their number of bonds. . . . When H unites with Cl, the bonds of each element balance.'

The 'First Book of Chemistry' (2) is simpler than the one just noticed, and is better adapted to young pupils. A large part of the book is given up to the description of processes, such as precipitation, filtration, sublimation, distillation, etc.; and after these processes have been studied, a few of the most important elements and compounds are taken up. Nothing whatever is said about chemical theories, the attempt being simply to familiarize the pupil

\* 1. *Introduction to Chemical Science.* By R. P. Williams. Boston: Ginn & Co. 2. *First Book of Chemistry: a Course of Simple Experiments for Beginners.* By Mary Shaw-Brewster. 77cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 3. *The Elements of Chemistry: a Text-book for Beginners.* By Ira Remsen. \$1. (American Science Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. 4. *A Guide to Elementary Chemistry for Beginners.* By LeRoy C. Cooley. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. 5. *A Text-Book of Inorganic Chemistry.* By Victor Von Richter. Tr. by Edgar F. Smith. 3d edition. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston & Co.

with some of the most common chemical phenomena, and to show how such phenomena are studied. With classes of very young pupils the book is likely to prove useful.

Prof. Remsen's 'Elements' (3) is similar to his 'Introduction to the Study of Chemistry,' though differing from it in some particulars. It is unquestionably more elementary in every way, though it is not intended for as young pupils as the book noticed in the preceding paragraph. Very little space is given to matters of theory, and the effort is made to present the facts as systematically as possible. Two short chapters are devoted to a presentation of some of the most common and important facts connected with the compounds of carbon. The author's object is to keep the pupils at work and thinking, and to keep them from committing words to memory, repeating them, and then imagining that they have learned something.

'A Guide to Elementary Chemistry' (4), by Professor Cooley, is intended for older students than are the books noticed above. The author thinks that 'we should first cultivate the power to observe exhaustively, and to detect relations—that we should make the mental more prominent than the mechanical in the elementary study of chemistry. The features in the book which distinguish it from most others are its suggestiveness, and the care with which every experiment is described. At the end of several of the chapters, problems are proposed, the solution of which requires experimental work. A great deal of ground is covered, more perhaps than is desirable for college students in their first course; but the facts are clearly presented, and there would not be nearly as much danger of confusion in its use as in the use of the ordinary textbook of chemistry. A simple and rational introduction to chemical analysis closes the book.

Again we have a new edition of Richter's 'Inorganic Chemistry,' (5) translated by Prof. Smith. The book is so well-known that it is scarcely necessary to say anything about it. There can be no doubt in regard to the general excellence of the original. It has been used extensively for some years past, abroad and in this country, and has proved its value. We do not think it adapted to class use in the colleges of this country, as it contains much more than a college-student can possibly learn, even in the best college. It is well-adapted to use as a book of reference for those who are working in a somewhat advanced way in the laboratory. The translator has evidently tried very hard since the appearance of the first edition to improve the English, and a great improvement is noticeable; but there is much more to be done before the book can be regarded as at all satisfactory in this respect. There are still left many extremely awkward sentences, and some which are unintelligible. Still, even with the blemishes, it is an excellent book, and the translator deserves much praise for the care he has given to his work.

#### Minor Notices.

MAX O'RELL has written nothing better worth reading than 'John Bull, Jr.; or, French as She is Traduced' (Cassell & Co.), now rewritten by the author for American circulation, and introduced by George Cary Eggleston in a witty and sensible preface. The book itself is funny, but it is also a wholesome satire on the bumptiousness of Anglo-Saxon schoolboys (to whose wholesome qualities the author pays due tribute), and on the waste of time incurred in some prevalent methods of giving to children a miserable half-knowledge of foreign languages. Those who are interested in linguistic instruction will find the author's fun-making helpful; while the general public, which has so eagerly followed the list of successors to the now famous 'New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English,' will discover in these bright and unpretentious pages a sort of combination of Mark Twain and F. C. Burnand. The binding of the book is novel; but the middle-aged John Bull is hardly an appropriate figure.—TO THE LONG list of solidly valuable translations issued in this city by W. S. Gottsberger is now added Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's 'Paul and Virginia,' rendered by the familiar hand of Clara Bell. The version, like Mrs. Bell's other work, is intelligent and faithful, but rather stiff. The type and binding are of course uniform with those of the Gottsberger series, and appeal to the Teutonic rather than the Gallic or American sense of the beautiful. It must be admitted, however, that this gentle classic has fared ill at the hands of the bookmakers; even the etchings of the Jouaust edition (reproduced in Edinburgh with English text) are very poor and perfunctory work.

WE ALL KNOW, and many of us love, Praed the poet, whose *vers-de-socile* has not been surpassed in delicacy, brilliancy, pathos, and humor, by the poems of any of the numerous successors who have so ably striven to unite these four qualities in that graceful form of verse which is a result of the thought of our day and

generation. But of Praed, the prose-writer, we have hitherto been excusably ignorant, for the good reason that his prose has been uncollected. Praed's nephew, Sir George Young, has gathered just forty of his prose papers for inclusion in Prof. Henry Morley's *Universal Library* (Geo. Routledge & Sons). These sketches and stories, mostly written in the earlier youth of one who was always young and who died at thirty-seven, are graceful and readable; Thackeray need not have been ashamed of some of them, and our younger writers may well study them in search of their charm of light touch, and the delicate humor that seems to hang over great libraries, and such old schools as the Eton in which many of the papers were written.—DR. HUTCHISON STIRLING, author of 'The Secret of Hegel,' well-known to American metaphysicians, makes a pretty booklet out of a letter written to him by Thomas Carlyle in 1842, giving kindly and wise counsel concerning the literary life—advice as helpful to-day as it was forty-six years ago, and worth adding to the well-filled Carlyle shelf. Dr. Stirling adds thirteen pages of comment to the eight large-type pages of the letter; and enthusiastically, but not indiscreetly, defends Carlyle against the too hasty and bitter criticisms evoked by Carlyle himself, *plus* Mr. Froude, since the death of the former. Making many and great deductions, as it must, Time will of course judge Carlyle in an estimate nearer Stirling's than Swinburne's. This booklet is published in Edinburgh by James Thin, and sold in America by Cupples & Hurd, Boston.

DAVID HANNAY'S 'Life of Smollett,' in Walter Scott's Great Writers Series, is very well done. It contains all the biography and criticism most readers will care for. The man is distinctly presented, and the sort of coarse life he lived; and the experiences which made him so strong a writer are brought out clearly. His connection with the British navy is happily described, as well as the way in which he was led into a life of authorship. Some fresh investigations into his life give an added interest and value to the book, and it appears that these have been made in the right spirit. The criticisms are always good, and of a kind to help the reader to a right understanding of the novelist's work. His coarseness is not passed by, and yet it is not so urged against him as to lose its value by excess of objection. On the whole, Mr. Hannay has written one of the best of the many biographies of this kind which have been given to us in the last few years. He has well understood his task, and has executed it faithfully.—'CONSCIOUS MOTHERHOOD,' by Emma Marwedel (Chicago: Interstate Publishing Co.) is the work of a practical kindergartner of many years' experience, who has supplemented Froebel's system by the results of her own observation. It is an interesting and important study of childhood and the development of the soul of the child. All kindergartners will find the work of value; and it cannot fail to be of great help to all mothers who desire to train their children for a noble manhood and womanhood. It is supplemented by Prof. W. Preyer's scientific investigations into the development of a child during the first three years of its existence. Both parts are written not only with a loving interest in childhood, but as the result of a careful scientific investigation into its needs.

'THE PHILLIPS EXETER LECTURES' of 1885-6 (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is as bright and stirring a collection of school-lectures as we have often seen; quite within the comprehension of minds of reasonable intelligence, but sure to keep them on the alert and to gratify and enrich them. From Dr. E. E. Hale's opening address, on 'Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Exercises,' to Dr. Phillips Brooks's commendation of the study of 'Biography' with which the volume closes, there are not a great many dull pages in it. Nearly all the lecturers were college-presidents; besides the two clergymen already named, the list comprises Gen. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Drs. McCosh of Princeton, and Bartlett of Dartmouth, Carter of Williams, Robinson of Brown, and Porter of Yale. President Bartlett's address, on 'The Spontaneous Element in Scholarship,' deserves especial mention.—'WHATEVER IS, WAS' is the title of a bulky octavo by Geo. A. Young, which bears the imprint of A. J. Leary of San Francisco, and of Legget Bros., New York. Its title-page reads as follows: 'In Nature, there are no such things as cause, effect, generation, growth, nor [sic] death—no time, no past, no future—logical conclusions deduced from the theory—the self-existence of the universe,' etc. We have given one-third only of the title-page; and have read a number of pages of this remarkable work. It is apparently meant for a joke, in the form of a burlesque upon the style and methods of reasoning of the evolutionists. Its model seems to be that of the debates of the Lime Kiln Club. There are numerous quotations from Darwin, Spencer and Haeckel. Occasionally there is a vein of sense, which however quickly runs out and is lost in a manner that recalls the college student's defunct

friend, Gen. Daniel Pratt. Poetry and negro-dialect are interspersed on the pages. It will doubtless amuse some and disgust many.

A WELCOME addition to the library of books on etiquette is a dainty little volume published under the comprehensive title: 'Manners.' The name of the author is not given, but she is cordially endorsed by some of the best-known ladies of New York, who, with unhesitating kindness, have given their names in support of what they believe to be a most carefully compiled and accurate hand-book of social customs. These ladies are Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Wm. Lane Booker, Mrs. Donald Cameron, Mrs. Edw. J. Woolsey, Mrs. Burton N. Harrison and Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge. That one may feel perfectly safe in following social customs endorsed by these names goes without saying. The author of the book has done her work admirably, and has put it together in such easily accessible form that its popularity is secured. As a rule we do not find much of the sort of information we want in books of etiquette; but in glancing over these pages we find numberless welcome hints and it is a great satisfaction to know that they are written not by some one who has crammed for the purpose, but by one whose knowledge comes from life-long habit. As for the mechanical part of the book, it is hard to say where it could be improved. It is in the very best taste, and will ornament the most aesthetic boudoir. (Cassell & Co.)

THE NEW EDITION of Prof. Richard A. Proctor's 'Half-Hours with the Stars' (G. P. Putnam's Sons)—an already well-known little book—is very neatly gotten up, and will be welcomed by many teachers and young students of the heavens as perhaps the best of all the available star atlases for introducing the beginner to the knowledge of the principal constellations,—introducing merely; for the maps are not sufficiently full or accurate to answer for anything more than an *introduction*: the purchaser must not expect to find in the work a satisfactory star-map for general use. It would really seem as if in the space and for the price a little more might have been done. The ecliptic at least might have been shown, which would have been a great assistance to the young student in enabling (may we say?) *him* more easily to recognize the planets, which, conspicuous as they are, of course cannot be shown upon such maps because they keep changing their positions, but never go far from the ecliptic. The fundamental idea of the work is a very good one, each of the twelve maps being constructed to exhibit the whole visible hemisphere as it appears at the times indicated in the margin. Thus it shows at a glance in what quarter of the heavens each constellation is then situated; serving, so to speak, as an index to the sky, and a reference to more extensive information. The text gives a brief description of the different constellations, and the names and designations of the principal stars, with occasionally a bit of historical or astronomical information about them. But the value of the work lies mainly in the convenience of the maps for the one purpose indicated.

'IN THE place of dead books,' once wrote John Amos Comenius, one of the greatest of bygone educators, 'why should we not open the living book of nature? . . . Instruction should commence with a real observation of things, and not with a verbal description of them.' Accordingly he addressed to eager young minds that wise and stimulating old-time classic of education, the 'Orbis Sensualium Pictus,' with its marvellous pictures 'of all the chief things that are in the world, and of men's employments therein,' didactically but interestingly described in little descriptive essays. This old book was a direct precursor of the 'Evenings at Home' and Jacob Abbott; of the illustrated school-books on which so much time and money are nowadays lavished; and of much that is most sensible and progressive in modern teaching. It is no very long step from the 'Orbis Pictus' to the 'colloquia' of the latest and best of elementary Latin-books—Collar and Daniell's 'Beginner's Latin Book.' Mr. C. W. Bardeen, of Syracuse, Comenius' latest editor and publisher, has therefore given us both a curiosity and a wholesome bit of ancient instruction in his handsome reprint of this pioneer work, which admonishes us not to fall behind the educational methods of the Seventeenth Century. Mr. Bardeen takes the cuts and the Latin text from the first edition (1658), and the English text from the eleventh edition (1728) of Charles Hoole's English version. The successors of those 'judicious and industrious school-masters' whom the translator addressed will get from these quaint pages a pleasant mingling of fun and profit; and it may be that some of those who now waste two years over dry grammatical 'elementary' teaching of languages will learn that there was an Ollendorff before Ollendorff, and common-sense two-

centuries ago. An added interest is given by the unfamiliar statement of Cotton Mather, properly reprinted in this volume, that Comenius was offered the Presidency of Harvard in 1654.

#### The Magazines.

*The English Illustrated Magazine* contains an interesting article by W. H. K. Wright on the Spanish Armada, in the course of which the writer quotes Austin Dobson's ringing and rollocking 'Ballad to Queen Elizabeth.'

But where are the galleons of Spain?

The purpose of the paper is chiefly to make a running commentary upon the series of engravings executed by John Pine in 1739, six of which are here reproduced. Pine's prints were wisely undertaken to preserve the likeness of the tapestry hangings of the old House of Lords, subsequently destroyed by fire. This tapestry, said to have been designed by Cornelius Vroom and woven by Francis Spiring, represented the several engagements between the English and Spanish fleets in the glorious year 1588. The engravings chosen for reproduction show the Armada as first sighted off the Lizard, the first engagement, the capture of the Capitana by Sir Francis Drake, the capture of the flagship of Don Miguel de Oquendo, the engagement off the Isle of Wight, and the incident of the fire-ships off Calais. The borders contain portraits, here necessarily very small, of the Lord Admiral, Lord Thomas Howard, Drake, and other English commanders. W. Outram Tristram's pleasant paper on 'Coaching Days and Coaching Ways' deals especially with the Dover Road; the capital illustrations are by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson. Under the guidance of Elizabeth Balch we get a glimpse of Arundel Castle, and are shown among other things the portrait of the unfortunate Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in imprisonment in 1595. Prof. Minto's Fourteenth-Century story, 'The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet,' is continued. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Ariosto, from a picture by Tetrau in the National Gallery. There are but two poems, not striking, but of delicate quality. In 'Et Cætera' Mr. Trail trips from earthquakes to the equally 'violent and incalculable' Landor, from 'book-making' to Parliamentary debate, and thence to cricket.

*The Cosmopolitan* opens with a paper by George Edgar Montgomery on the recent revival of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' with illustrations which may serve to recall the charming stage-pictures to those who have already seen them, but will hardly convey to others an adequate impression of their beauty. John Burroughs, in 'Science and the Poets,' remarks that the debt of Tennyson to physical science is greater than that of any other current English poet. Among the Americans, there is in Whitman a more complete absorption and emotional reproduction of science than in the younger poets who have made essays in this direction. 'It is still science when they have done, and not poetry. . . . The inorganic has not yet become the organic.' Most of Emerson's writings 'seem curiously to imply science, as if he had all these bold deductions and discoveries under his feet.' Mr. Conway's sketchy 'Reminiscences of Kaiser Wilhelm' are interesting, and Lucy C. Lillie has an agreeably-written account of Miss Alcott. There is an article by David Ker on the Circassian mountaineers; 'The Japanese Tea-Drinking Ceremony' is described by Prof. J. K. Goodrich, with illustrations by Dan Beard; and Max O'Rell combats the notion that there is no home-life in France. The verse and fiction of the number are not remarkable: May Riley Smith has a pretty poem entitled 'The Perfect Niche'; and Mr. Roe's Southern story reaches an exciting point, at which the heroine's comb falls out and her golden hair streams behind her. Might not a suggestive essay be written on 'The Escaped Hair of Heroines'?

*Woman* has an illustrated article by H. L. Spencer, called 'An Island and an Idyl.' The island is Grand Mann, and the idyl is a tale of tempest-parted lovers, related 'by one of a party of storm-stayed travellers,' seated around an anthracite fire in the hall of a hotel. Mr. Fawcett's story, 'A Demoralizing Marriage,' is continued; we make the acquaintance of a superb agnostic author who is a member of the Twentieth-Century Club, and later, at a ball, we encounter a thrilling and 'satisfyingly handsome' young man with 'eyes of a melting brown,' and 'clean-chiselled nostrils.' Anna Olcott Commelin presents a few 'Cullings about Clubs.' Laura Clay writes of 'The Responsibility of Women to Society,' and Caroline B. Le Row has some sensible remarks in 'School Mothers and Home Helpers,' urging co-operation between teachers and parents in the moral education of children. There are two short stories of average merit, the first, 'An April Fool,' rather bright but youthfully crude, the other not particularly novel, yet not without tender and pleasing passages. Numerous subjects supposed to be of special interest to women are briefly touched.

The most notable contribution to *The American Magazine* for April is the first paper on 'Belles of Old Philadelphia,' by Charlotte Adams. Ten portraits, by Gilbert Stuart, C. W. Peale, and others, accompany the article, which is picturesque and highly entertaining, with many fanciful touches. We behold the black-eyed Mistress Plumstead, sitting to Hesselius in her dark green satin, her negro page in waiting at the door; and Mrs. Willing, as painted by Feke, 'like some great decorative plant, in her flowered gown with its lights and darks contrasted like the tones of a variegated tulip'; and the fair Frances Cadwalader,—schoolgirl bride of David Montague Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine,—whose 'youthful beauty and baby stateliness' Stuart limned as though 'inspired with a paternal tenderness.' Arthur Howard Noll, in an article on Maximilian to be concluded next month, proposes to establish 'that the Emperor Maximilian was a prince of personally pure character and excellent motives . . . and that "the Imperial Idea" was not such a crime against the people of Mexico as it is generally assumed to have been.' There are other historical and descriptive papers of interest, and an essay on 'Tennyson's Idyls.' 'Olivia Delapaine' draws toward a conclusion; and the first instalment of 'Two Coronets,' by Mary Agnes Tincker, appears. Of the short stories the simple, realistic sketch, 'Only a Birthday Party,' by Frances Lee Pratt, is the best; the most noteworthy verse is a poem by George Edgar Montgomery, called 'Intimacy.'

An interesting article in *The Overland* is on 'Pioneer Illustration in California,' with entertaining fac-similes of work in designing and engraving on the Pacific coast thirty years ago. Commerce in California is discussed by Capt. Wm. L. Merry, President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; Dairying by R. G. Sneath; and the 'Spring Flowers' of the coast by Charles Howard Shinn. 'The Great Basin' is a picturesque description of the Great American Desert between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada, giving its elements of absolute beauty. The owner of the San Francisco *Examiner*, W. R. Hearst, discusses in an entertaining way the necessary career of Pacific Coast newspapers.—'A Raid into Mexico,' by Lieut. Carter, in *Outing*, is a bit of spirited adventure with a comic anti-climax. 'Roman Remains in Merry England,' by Mary Gray Morrison, is an account of the buried city which the Duke of Wellington is excavating on his estate. Will H. Whyte describes the 'Montreal Amateur Athletic Association,' and gives some account separately of its component clubs—the Lacrosse, Snow-Shoe, Bicycle, Toboggan, Football, etc.—with many illustrations. Lee Meriwether, who published last year a tramp through Europe, writes now of 'Some Bicycle Jaunts in Europe and America,' with the verdict still that it is foolish to take one's wheel abroad, as it is almost always possible to secure one there when you want it, while for most purposes a tramp is preferable. Lillie Devereux Blake writes of 'Canine Suicides,' believing that some have occurred; Ella Sterling Cummings of 'The Habits of California Quail'; and James Buckingham of 'Protection of Small Game in the United States.'

The *Nuova Antologia* for April has a paper on Tolstoi by the distinguished critic Enrico Nencioni, who regards the popular rage for the Russian's books as a reaction against Russian and, indeed, European pessimism. Mr. George Kennan's recent paper on Tolstoi in *The Century* is extensively quoted from. Senator Bonighi writes of the late Emperor of Germany in his early years, as King of Prussia. 'Physiological Psychology and the Origin of Psychic Facts,' by Luigi Ferri, is an interesting article. 'The Mystery of the Poet' is the title of a weak serial in which the characters travel in Germany and the hero writes poetry. The death of Francesco Protonotari, founder of the *Antologia*, is chronicled by F. d'Arcais, a well-known literary critic, who writes a panegyric of the late editor. From it we learn that the review was founded in 1866. Among the contributors to the first number were Terenzio Mamiani and Gino Capponi. Signor Protonotari may be accepted as the exponent in Italian periodical literature of the progressive liberal party in politics, and his position in the Italian literary world corresponds to that occupied by the late M. Buloz, founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in France.—In *The Andover Review* for April the Rev. Dr. John Denison has an original and forcible article on 'Mental Narcotics and Stimulants,' with bearings upon 'mind-healing' and 'Christian science.' The Rev. W. T. Herridge writes on 'Beethoven,' without giving much that is new; and Mr. F. G. Mather on 'The Armaments of Europe.' Theology and morals have their share of space, as usual.

ERNEST KNAUFT, Art Director of the Chautauqua Society of Fine Arts, has written a useful and interesting paper on 'The Art Student in New York,' which will appear in the May number of *The American Magazine*.

## "Ramona's Home."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I notice in my last CRITIC a few words regarding a set of photographs of 'Ramona's Home.' The views are fairly good, but might easily have been better. I know of no ranch so picturesque; and Mrs. Jackson's description of it was wonderfully perfect. I have a particular fondness for the place, and only a few weeks ago stood in the old courtyard and looked past the orchard to the river. I think I am the original discoverer of 'Camulus'; or, rather, the first to find that it was the scene of H. H.'s story. My first letter describing it was published in the *Chronicle* of San Francisco; and, slightly changed, is now published in every copy of 'Ramona.' In *The Evening Post* I had a longer letter on the same subject, which I later embodied in my little book on 'Santa Barbara.' These facts are mentioned, not because of their importance, but in order that the new readers of 'Ramona' may know where to find the home of one who must forever be a living heroine.

In reading the stories that Miss Rives writes, I have often wished she could, or would, make a study of Southern California. There to a novelist the life led by the Padres of a century ago, and the natural scenery of the country, would afford, I am sure, a vast amount of material. Day by day our modern civilization is obliterating the old landmarks, and the thick-walled 'missions' are fast being 'repaired' and rendered commonplace. Now is the time to study Southern California, if one would weave into his descriptions of it the story of those heroic workers whose trials and triumphs ought never to be forgotten.

BOSTON, April 7, 1888.

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

## The Lounger

NOTWITHSTANDING the attempts of the Russian Government to exclude from the empire George Kennan's *Century* articles on Russian prisons and prison methods, they continue to find their way even to the Russian capital. The St. Petersburg *Novaya Vremya* of January 28 contains a column review of 'Russian Provincial Prisons' in that month's *Century*. The fact that this article was cut out of every copy of the magazine which crossed the frontier, while at the same time the principal newspaper of St. Petersburg was permitted to review it favorably, is a striking illustration of the loose and capricious methods of the censorship. No sooner had this review appeared than all of the liberal papers hastened to copy it, with a statement that the article contained a great many interesting things which the reviewer had not noticed and which it was 'inconvenient' to print. This is the stereotyped method of informing readers that an article contains matter which the Censor will not allow to appear, but which can be obtained by ordering it sent from London in a letter.

COL. McCALL is making elaborate preparations for the production next month of Mr. Sidney Rosenfeld's adaptation of Mr. Stockton's 'The Lady or the Tiger.' Anyone who knows Mr. Stockton's story knows that Mr. Rosenfeld can have taken little more from it than the title and the idea implied therein; yet I am informed that he has the grace to pay Mr. Stockton a generous royalty for the use of these small but important factors. Mr. Stockton, naturally enough, takes a lively interest in the operetta; and will assist by his presence in a proscenium-box on the opening night.

IN THE recent discussions of American characteristics it is curious that no one has yet quoted from that repertory of clever things, the 'Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor,' published a week or two ago. One of the poet's correspondents—for the book contains not only Taylor's letters but the best of those written to him, and very good indeed are many of them, from Southey's to Swinburne's—was James Spedding (the biographer of Bacon), who was at Washington in 1842 where he evolved a pretty theory to account for the ease and charm of American women, who 'do not keep one standing so long in that awful vestibule of fashionable commonplace through which English women must be approached. You feel that you are exchanging thoughts with a reasonable soul, not trying the capacities of a wonderful image, wonderful for its power of imitating human speech and gestures and the motions of the countenance. Spedding's theory is that the Englishman is better educated than the Englishwoman. The men in England talk down to the women, and the consciousness of this inequality of education destroys the ease of talk; whereas the women in America are more often than not better educated than the men, who are engrossed in business and who cannot, therefore, look down on the women. 'While the men are talking about dollars, they [the women] are reading books,' says Spedding; and so it comes that the capacity of your American

woman is recognized by others and felt by herself, and she feels responsible for the use of it.

ANOTHER letter of Spedding's, in the same collection, is also pertinent just now, and may be recommended to the absurd persons who think that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays. Mr. Spedding devoted his life to the study of Bacon, and he writes to Sir Henry Taylor in 1870 (p. 306) that 'Bacon knew nothing about him [Shakspeare], and that he knew nothing of Bacon except his political writings and his popular reputation as a rising lawyer, of which there is no reason to suppose that he was ignorant. . . . I have no reason to think that Bacon had ever either seen or read anything of Shakspeare's composition.'

A GOOD STORY in which the late Mr. Hassard figures as a passive actor, so to speak, occurs in Mrs. Custer's new book 'Tenting on the Plains.' It is told by Chas. Godfrey Leland, in a letter written from London last June. Mr. Leland visited Gen. Custer at his quarters in Kansas, and took part in a buffalo-hunt; the literary outcome of which pleasant experience was the 'boem,' 'Hans Breitmann in Kansas.' He writes to Mrs. Custer that her husband's personality impressed itself very vividly on his memory. A similar type is sometimes met with among the Hungarians, but just such a man is too rare even among them. The anecdote he relates is this: He was travelling toward Fort Riley one evening, to visit the Custers, when the driver of the 'ambulance' (wagon) which he shared with a number of others, supposing the rest of the party had taken another conveyance to the Fort, drove off at full speed with no other passenger than Mr. Hassard. 'We, encumbered with blankets, packs, and arms, had no mind to walk when we could "wagon." One man whistled and all roared aloud. Then one discharged his rifle. But the wind was blowing away from Brigham [the driver] towards us, and he heard nothing.' In this dilemma it occurred to 'Breitmann' that he could put a bullet near enough to the eloping Jehu to arrest his attention and stay his flight. 'The ambulance was covered, and I did not know that Mr. Hassard, the best fellow in the world—*nemini secundus*—was sitting inside and talking to Brigham.' His rifle cracked—and the ball whistled between the heads of Brigham and the passenger. It was hard for the former to realize that he had had so close a call from a friendly weapon. Luckily there was no gulch on the road to the Fort; if there had been one, he vowed, he would have upset the whole party into it.

LEWIS MORRIS, the author of the 'Epic of Hades,' has a turn for figures as well as for verses. He has gone over the subject carefully, and estimates that Lord Tennyson has lost three-quarters of a million of dollars by the non-existence of an International Copyright law. Mr. Morris figures feelingly, for it has already gone forth that he is, of all Great Britain's poets, the one most likely to succeed to the Laureateship.

AS I ONCE heard an old lady say, 'The ways of the world are manifold.' There lives in a certain New Jersey village an old colored man, not more than four feet high, whose legs are short and bowed. This man spends his days at a lime-kiln on the river bank, where he catches fish and sells them for a living. One would think that this occupation might have earned him the sobriquet of Commodore. But no; in violation of all the rules of familiar nomenclature, he is called Colonel.

A SHORT time ago a young man who lives in a neighboring town happened to be passing a few days in Florida. Wandering through the streets one evening, his eyes were attracted by the flaring lights of a dime-museum; and having nothing else to do, he paid his dime and walked in. There was not much to look at, but his ears caught the sound of clanking chains and a squeaking voice gibbering as monkeys gibber. A curtain flapped in the breeze, and on the curtain was painted in staring capitals: 'The wild man of Siberia; caught with great difficulty while fleeing from his pursuers.' The young man pulled aside the curtain and entered the tent; and there discovered, secured in an iron cage, a hideous little monster, with a big head and misshapen legs, who was beating at the bars, rolling his eyes, and giving vent to harsh noises in an unearthly language. There was something strangely familiar about this odd figure; and a closer inspection solved the mystery. Going close up to the cage, the young man whispered through the bars, 'What's the price of fish at Kinkora, Colonel?' The wild man stopped his noises, and looking about the tent with frightened eyes, said, appealingly: 'Don't give us away, boss. There ain't no fish-ketching in de winter time, an' I got to make a libbin' somehow; so I trabble with this yere show as de wild man ob

S'beerer. 'Don't give us 'away, boss.' The young man passed on and held his peace. As he left the tent he looked back. Two or three half-frightened people were peering curiously into the cage, and the wild man was still beating the bars, rolling his bloodshot eyes, and mumbling his outlandish gibberish.

### Verdi's Otello.

THE Academy of Music has for two weeks been the scene of an effort on the part of Signor Italo Campanini to rehabilitate Italian opera. It was a brave, even audacious undertaking, and at first glance seemed to contain most promising elements. The opera chosen was 'Otello,' Verdi's latest creation, whose production a year ago last February attracted almost as many musical pilgrims to Milan as went in 1882 to hear Wagner's swan-song in Bayreuth. With singular unanimity amateurs of all shades of opinion had looked upon 'Otello' as the last refuge of Italian opera, and quite as much curiosity touching it was felt among the Wagnerites as among the Italianissimi. More, perhaps; for 'Aida' had led the progressive party to believe that in his latest work Verdi (who during the last twenty years has made greater strides than any of his compatriots ever made, Rossini excepted) would, so far as his Southern nature permitted, place himself squarely on German ground. This belief was strengthened by the long years of criticism and revision which the venerable composer bestowed on the score after he had finished it, and the knowledge that his collaborator was Signor Boito, whose 'Mefistofele' showed him to be completely emancipated from the silken bonds of Italian conventionality. The interest of the adherents of the Italian school was, of course, quickened by the hope that the master who has dominated the Italian stage for a generation would bring back to the old faith those who had begun to worship the strange gods at the Metropolitan Opera House. Signor Campanini's personal popularity was also looked upon, by himself at least, as a factor which might be counted on to help make up the sum of success. Notwithstanding all these things, however, the experiment ended in failure. We can now expect to hear the extremists among the Wagnerites claim that the season has demonstrated again that Italian opera is dead and past all surgery. It would be foolish to deny that Signor Campanini's gun did go off in the wrong direction, but equally foolish to assert that the failure of 'Otello' has so much to do with the operatic problem as the radical progressists affect to think. Neither Italian opera nor 'Otello' was fairly tried. The fashionable season was over; the Academy of Music had lost its prestige; the performances were not worthy of the work; and the prices charged for tickets during the first week were absurdly high. These facts must also be taken into consideration, if one wishes to learn a lesson from the failure of Signor Campanini's foolhardy enterprise.

Verdi's opera was an extremely interesting study to musical connoisseurs. In respect of consistent and dignified striving for dramatic expression, it surpasses all the composer's previous efforts—even his masterpiece, 'Aida.' It is somewhat wanting in spontaneity, and there are few moments in which fulness and freshness of melodic inspiration force themselves upon the attention; but the potency of music in intensifying the moods of a play and its capacity as a vehicle of dramatic emotions have splendid exemplification in this score. In style 'Otello' marks a distinct and great advance over all its predecessors, the dramatic idea being permitted to dominate the music at all times. Yet there are lyrical moments of tender beauty. The greatest elasticity of form prevails throughout, and a great part of the score is filled by a sort of mixed declamation and melody in which great rhythmical and harmonic freedom prevails. There is not a single florid air in the opera. The melodies bear the undisguised Verdian physiognomy, however, being filled with the nervous energy which has always been character-

istic of the composer, and which led Rossini once to say: 'Ah! oui, Verdi, une mousicienne qui a une casque!'

### International Copyright.

THE SENATE took up the Copyright bill for discussion on Monday. The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent telegraphed on that day as follows:

The author of the measure, Mr. Chace, of Rhode Island, explained it in detail in a speech replete with facts and figures, and sound and logical in argument. He was listened to with close attention by an unusually large and appreciative audience. Mr. Chace does not speak often, but when he does he is sure to have something to say; and what he says is said in a direct, straightforward, business-like manner, not easily misunderstood. He readily disposed of the objections made to-day by the opponents of the bill, and proved himself as clever in debate as he is thorough in the presentation of his case. Mr. Hiscock, too, made a short but strong and lucid speech in favor of the bill. There is but little doubt that it will pass the Senate this week.

Of Tuesday's proceedings, the *Times's* correspondent telegraphed:

The bill was taken up in the morning hour, and Mr. Chace spoke at considerable length against the Morrill amendment to permit American newspapers and periodicals to copy articles from similar foreign publications, that being the pending question. As an illustration of his argument, Mr. Chace called the attention of the Senate to a copy of *The New York Times* of last November, in which was published the whole of Swinburne's great tragedy 'Locrine,' which had been cabled to *The Times* from London. If the Morrill amendment was adopted, Mr. Chace said, the author of 'Locrine' would not only be prevented from obtaining a copyright abroad, but his domestic copyright would be of no practical value. When the morning hour closed, Mr. Chace tried to have the regular business set aside in favor of the Copyright bill. Mr. Beck pleaded for delay, saying he had some unprepared material which he wanted to submit to-morrow in opposition to the measure. 'Courtesy of the Senate' called for the granting of this request, and the bill was therefore laid aside.

The *Tribune* said that 'the noteworthy feature of the day's debate was Mr. Vest's eloquent, judicious and logical speech in behalf of the measure.'

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT was discussed at the Commonwealth Club's dinner on Monday evening at the Metropolitan Hotel. D. Willis James presided, and among the other prominent gentlemen present were the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, Dorman B. Eaton, Henry G. Pearson, Daniel G. Thompson, William Bispham, Charles G. Longman, of Longmans, Green & Co., the English publishers; Bronson Howard, Sherman Cummin, David D. Lloyd, Henry L. Sprague, George Haven Putnam, and R. R. Bowker. The speakers were selected as representatives of the various interests which will be benefitted by the bill now pending in Congress. Mr. Putnam spoke from the publishers' point of view; Dr. Van Dyke from the authors'; Mr. Cummin from the 'journeyman-printers', and Mr. Howard from the dramatic authors'.

ON SATURDAY LAST, the Chace-Breckinridge bill was favorably reported to the House of Representatives by the Judiciary Committee. In reporting it, the Committee made the following excellent presentation of the facts in the case:

The present law limits the benefits of copyright to citizens and residents within the United States. In this respect the United States stands alone among civilized nations. Either by legislation or treaty, or both, copyright is as free to aliens or non-residents as to citizens or subjects in all countries but our own. Great Britain is apparently an exception, but this exclusion of foreigners from the privilege applies only to citizens of the United States, and for the sufficient reason that our Government is the only one that refuses British authors protection in their literary or artistic property. This bill proposes that the creators of this class of property, whether citizens or foreigners, shall be protected in the enjoyment of it within the limits of the United States. It is now the only species of property that stands unprotected by our laws. Its recognition and protection seems to rest upon the foundation of common

honesty. The persistent confiscation of it has been a constant reproach to our people, a marked injury to our publishers, a serious discouragement to our authors, and a debasement of our literature.

For some 50 years efforts have been made to change the law. At last and for the first time authors, publishers, typesetters, electrotypers, binders, booksellers, and all others engaged in making and distributing books have, with singular unanimity, agreed upon a bill which they ask Congress to pass. The American author will have the protection for his work which is now denied him abroad because of our denial of the rights of all others. The passage of the bill will encourage and stimulate American authorship, designing, engraving, and all the arts that enter into the making of good books. By it our authors obtain a wide market, that of the whole world. It will unquestionably raise the standard of literature also by banishing the 'trashy' and the 'gaslight' literature from the field. It needs 'no angel from heaven to tell us' all the harm that such stuff has done our youth. It is certain that the best books written by men and women all over the world will under International Copyright be sold in the United States for less than they are sold now, and the general consensus of opinion and argument, pushed almost to a demonstration, is that all other books will be sold for as low a price as they are now. When one solvent and sagacious American publisher obtains the sole right to the American market for a foreign author's works he can make it better and as cheap at least as ten publishers who 'pirate' such a book under the present arrangement, and run a cut-throat competition for its sale. By way of illustration, it may be said that a copy of a book in an edition of 1000 copies costs six times as much as one in an edition of 16,000. The passage of the bill will be just to our authors, publishers, and artists—just to all authors, beneficial to our literature, and honorable to our civilization.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Lotus in Ancient Art.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

YOUR kind notice (March 24th) of my paper on the Egyptian origin of the Ionic capital and of the anthemion, lately republished from *The American Journal of Archaeology*, contains some misapprehensions of my views which I hope you will allow me to specify. You say 'The Egyptians did not make bread from the seeds of the water-lily.' Allow me to call your attention, in rebuttal, to page 128 of Cary's translation of Herodotus, where it is expressly stated that they did. In the 'Histoire Naturelle' of the 'Description de l'Egypte' (Napoleon's 'Egypt') you will find (p. 305) an account, taken from Theophrastus, giving in detail the manner in which the seeds of the *nymphaea lotus* (the 'water-lily' of your notice) were prepared as bread.

The sentence of your notice just quoted continues, 'nor did they worship that plant.' I have not asserted or implied, nor do I believe that they did, worship the 'water-lily' (*nymphaea lotus*), or either of the other two varieties known in Egypt, *nymphaea cærulea* and *nelumbium speciosum*. Worcester's Dictionary says that the '*nymphaea lotus* . . . was held sacred in India and Egypt as the emblem of creation,' but I only make this quotation in order to observe that not even the author or authors of a dictionary know as much on this head as the Egyptologists whose names are mentioned in my article as authorities for all the statements made as regards the sacred significance of the 'lotus.' They use the word 'lotus' (and I have followed this use) without specifying any distinctions as to sacred character in the three varieties found in ancient Egypt—*nymphaea lotus* (white) *nymphaea cærulea* (blue) *nelumbium speciosum* (rose). All these varieties are occasionally distinguished in naturalistic colors, and all appear in associations which justify the view that they were all conceived as having a sacred significance.

A more important presumed correction of your notice seems to rest on a misapprehension of lotus terminology. Your notice implies by two passages that the word properly defines only the *nelumbium speciosum*: 'The stigma which he figures is the compound stigma of the water-lily (*nymphaea*) not of the lotus (*nelumbium*), quite a different genus. . . . There is no reason why they should place a stigma of a water-lily above a lotus-flower.' The word 'lotus' does not apply especially to the *nelumbium speciosum* (rose lotus); botanically speaking, it is applied only to the 'water-lily' of your notice by the most extended account of all the Egyptian varieties, that of the 'Description de l'Egypte' already quoted, and also by Webster's Dictionary. It is so far from being confined to the *nelumbium* that Webster does not even mention the latter under the word 'lotus,' naming only the white and blue Egyptian varieties. Neither does Worcester mention the *nelumbium* under 'lotus.' It is true that the most generally quoted 'lotus' flower is

the *nelumbium* of India and of the Buddhists, formerly found also in Egypt and now extinct in that country, and we generally speak of this flower as the 'lotus' or the 'rose-lotus'; but the word applies both in popular modern usage and in original ancient application, by Herodotus and other authors, to the white lotus (*nymphaea lotus*) which your notice appears to consider as the only water-lily, and to the blue lotus, *nymphaea cærulea*, which last appears to have been most frequently represented on the ancient Egyptian monuments. If it is a question of terminology, I am not in error either from the standpoint of popular usage or scientific dictio. If it is a question of fact, there is no reason why the stigma of the white lotus (*nymphaea lotus*) should not be represented as supported by that flower. I have carefully distinguished, in text and illustration, between the stigmas and ovaries of *nymphaea lotus*, *nymphaea cærulea* and *nelumbium speciosum*; but have used the simpler words white, blue, and rose lotus, as more becoming a writer not versed in botany, addressing students of another specialty. Your notice would make it appear that I have confounded with one another the different stigmas of the different varieties. 'The flat top of the torus or receptacle of the lotus resembles somewhat a rosette in outline, but hardly enough to be considered.' I have expressly explained that the seed-pod of the rose lotus appears to be also represented in plan rising above the flower, but that it does not have the aspect of a rosette. As your notice admits that the seed-pod of the 'water-lily' (white lotus) has the stigma in rosette form, and as I have not claimed that this rosette appears over the rose lotus (*nelumbium*), it would appear that my proposition on this head has not been understood.

Allow me to refer to another misapprehension of your notice, that which confounds (as regards my views) the sepals of the lotus with its petals. The word 'sepal' applies to the calyx leaves, but your description of the appearance of the sepals relates to the petals. Thus, in commenting on my illustration, when you say that the tips of the sepals 'preserve the inward curve,' you overlook the one feature of the flower which I wished to illustrate—viz., the downward curl of the calyx leaves (sepals). This correction would vitiate your criticism on the Cyproite lotus forms which do actually represent downward curling calyx leaves, which are in other instances produced and extended into spirals.

You say that I have ignored the theory 'which derives the Ionic from a crotched trunk used as a support for a beam in primitive wooden architecture. There is no theory which derives the Ionic volutes from a crotched trunk. My theory does not affect the constructional question or that of a wooden Ionic capital. It applies as well to that form as to any. The earliest known Ionic forms are those of the XVIII Dynasty (see my ninth plate), and they do not exhibit that projection of the volutes which has been explained from the methods of a wooden construction; but I have not the least disposition to antagonize or ignore the supposition that the latter projection of the volutes relates to, or was derived from, a construction in wood.'

You observe that my 'theory of the origin of the Ionic Capital is based on vase drawings and designs of stelæ which are not supporting forms.' There are three supporting forms in my one plate for the Proto-Ionic and two supporting forms (out of three illustrated) in my plate for the Egyptian Ionic. This last remark tends to controversy, into which I have no right to enter, as it would be asking too much of your columns.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1888.

WM. H. GOODYEAR.

[The discussion as to the proper use of the term 'lotus' is an old one. Mr. Goodyear may claim that he has a right to use it so as to cover two entirely different orders of plants, very different in general appearance (not varieties as he still speaks of them as being). But while there has been a misapprehension, not unnatural, on the reviewer's part, as to what Mr. Goodyear meant by 'lotus,' there has been none as to the bending of the sepals, whether of *nelumbium* or *nymphaea*. No reference has been made to the inner rows, and the 'downward curl' has not been overlooked by him. On the contrary, attention was asked to the fact that the curve is of a sigmoid character, not a spiral. It is gratifying to see it plainly stated that Mr. Goodyear does not apply his theory to the constructional features of an Ionic capital, but only to its ornamental volutes. If he will also admit that the rosette and anthemion and the spiral of the volutes are easily evolved from concentric and intersecting circles and their radii, such as have been used in decoration by many primitive peoples, the whole matter may be considerably cleared up. Given a familiar acquaintance with the spiral and with radiating lines as motives of decoration, forms, not only of *nelumbium* or water-lily but of most other plants, may easily be forced into them. This, however, would make the spirally curled lotus sepal in art (it does not exist in nature) a derivative and not an original form.

Mr. Goodyear says that 'there is no theory which derives the Ionic volutes from a crotched trunk.' Strictly speaking he is correct; but Viollet-le-Duc suggests that they may have been derived from the chips made from the carpenter's adze in trimming the branches, and which may, in some instances, have been allowed to remain for the sake of their ornamental effect. It would not be impossible to get up an album of plates to illustrate this idea. Mr. Goodyear is quite right in what he says concerning his closing remark—viz., that it 'tends to controversy.' Anybody who examines his plates will see why. *THE REVIEWER.*

#### Art Notes

AT THE annual meeting of the National Academy of Design for the election of officers and Academicians, last week, Daniel Huntington was elected President, T. W. Wood, Vice-President, T. Addison Richards, Corresponding Secretary, and Albert Jones, Treasurer. The remaining members of the Council are Frederick Dielman, R. Swain Gifford, Seymour J. Guy, F. S. Church, J. Q. A. Ward and James M. Hart. The Hanging Committee consists of Charles H. Miller, F. D. Millet, Thomas Moran, J. Francis Murphy and J. C. Nicoll. The new Academicians elected are E. H. Blashfield, T. W. Dewing and Walter Shirlaw. The new Associate Academicians are George De F. Brush, Charles C. Curran, W. H. Low, H. Siddons Mowbray, H. R. Poore, Augustus St. Gaudens, Olin L. Warren, Robert Blum, Wm. M. Chase and Robert C. Minor.

—At the meeting of the jury of the Society of American Artists last Sunday morning the Seward Webb prize of \$300 for the best landscape painted by an American artist under forty was awarded to John H. Twachtman for his large Dutch landscape, 'Windmills.' Mr. Twachtman was run hard by Mr. Coffin with his 'Early Moonrise' and Mr. Tryon with his 'October Evening.'

—The picture-dealers of New York have recently held a meeting to protest against the law which enables companies or institutions holding a charter to import foreign paintings by modern and old masters in bond for exhibition purposes, keep them for six months, pay duty on such as might be sold and return the rest. Under this law M. Durand-Ruel and M. Sedelmeyer by exhibiting at the American Art Association, which is chartered, have gained, it is claimed, an undue advantage over the regular trade dealers, who are now combining to have the law repealed and the tariff on works of art abolished.

—The sale of foreign pictures at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries last week brought \$57,185 for 134 pictures. The highest price, \$3500, was brought by Bouguereau's 'Brittany Peasants at Prayer.' Kowalsky's 'Winter Travel in Russia' sold for \$2200, Gérôme's 'Tombs of the Khalifs, Cairo,' \$2100, Constant Troyon's 'The Pasture' \$2100, Corot's 'River near Ville d'Avray' \$1900, Perrault's 'Toilet of Venus' \$1550, and Constant's 'Desdemona and Othello' \$1300.

—An exhibition of 110 works, mostly water-colors, by forty-seven members of the Salmagundi Club, has been opened during the week at the rooms of the Club. There are six works by A. M. Turner, including his 'Wanted for Adoption,' and pastels by C. Y. Turner, Champney, and Francis Day. W. H. Drake, F. W. Freer, F. D. Millet, Charles Mente, J. F. Murphy, George Maynard and I. R. Wiles are among the artists who were represented by new work or by pictures already shown at public exhibitions.

—Five pieces of sculpture by Miss Mary Grant, the Scotch sculptress, granddaughter of the Earl of Elgin, are now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries. The bust of Dean Stanley has a conventional sort of merit. 'Diana, after her Bath' shows good lines but might be simplified to advantage. The other works are of only average merit, and the collection was hardly worth bringing across the water.

—A large and ambitious cattle-subject by Mrs. Emily J. Lakey, an American who has had considerable success with her pictures in Europe, is now on exhibition at the gallery at 86 Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Lakey is said to be a pupil of Van Marcke. Her picture is fourteen feet long and nine high. It shows a Surrey landscape—a meadow with a pool in the foreground and clumps of trees at the left. The cattle are somewhat conventionally, though effectively, grouped, the principal figure being that of a large white bull which is relieved by the dark cows. All the figures are thoroughly alive. The bull is correctly, if not always strongly drawn, the anatomy being carefully studied, and the whole figure very expressive. The paint is rather obtrusive in places, the picture being too large for the gallery. Altogether 'The Right of Way' is a creditable work.

—Some stained-glass windows for the Church of St. Boniface, Philadelphia, are now on exhibition at Benziger Bros.' establishment. They are the work of F. X. Zettler (Royal Bavarian Art Institute) Munich, and are fine examples of the German school of

stained-glass work. One of the windows shows St. Boniface felling the sacred oak-tree of the Teutons, with his own followers standing near and the pagan priests looking on in horror. Another window shows the Resurrection of Our Lord, and a third presents the Virgin giving a rosary to St. Dominic. St. François de Sales and St. Alphonsus, the founder of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer, are depicted in these well-composed designs, which are good in color and treated with a keen eye for decoration.

—The pictures and ceramics belonging to T. E. Waggaman of Georgetown, D. C., have been placed on exhibition for the benefit of a charity. Among the eighty oils and water-colors are works by Villegas, Decamps, Fromentin, Detaille, Diaz, Bouguereau and Corot. Among the American painters represented are Boughton, Inness, Van Schaick, Quartley, Knight, Bolton Jones, Harry Chase, J. G. Brown and Bridgman. A large number of valuable Japanese and Corean porcelains from the famous Brinkley collection are included in the collection of ceramics.

—Mr. W. W. Story has just completed the clay-model for a statue of Thetis and her son, the infant Achilles. Thetis is seen reclining on a divan, holding the child in her arms.

—A collection of pictures by Herman Herzog, a German painter who has lived for many years in America, was on exhibition at the American Art Galleries for a week previous to the sale on April 25th, 26th, and 27th. Mr. Herzog's art is that of the old Düsseldorf landscape school, an art which is somewhat out of fashion in America, but is nevertheless serious, strong, conscientious and full of sterling qualities. He excels in painting rocks and waterfalls; his large marine 'Ostend Pier at High Wind and Tide' is worthy of Achenbach. The subjects exhibited were chiefly Norwegian fjord and American forest scenes. His 'Autumn, Pike County, Pa.' is an original and beautiful work. The collection consisted of 226 works.

—The collection of pictures of Japanese life, landscape and architecture painted by Mr. Theodore Wores, a Munich-trained painter who lived three years in Japan, is as interesting as any minor exhibition of the season. The pastels of Chinese figures, done at San Francisco, are very good as to technique, and the sketch of a Chinese funeral has the qualities of a Monticelli. The group of Japanese subjects (oils) gives a delightful impression of brilliant enamel-like color-surfaces, of clear sunlight, crisp, toneless atmosphere, blossoming plum-trees, pretty almond-eyed girls, deliciously quaint children, temples like doll-houses, street showmen, monkeys, tea-houses, priests, lotus-flowers, wisteria-vines, golden carp, birds, fountains, shrines, and many other wonderful things that seem to form a kaleidoscope of fancy. These lovely bits of Japan are set in frames carved by Japanese artisans in designs of birds, cherry- and plum-blossoms, chrysanthemums, lotus-flowers, and turtles, so skilfully as to seem instinct with life. The exhibition will remain open until May 5.

#### Current Criticism

—*'A PRECURSOR OF HAWTHORNE.'*—Hawthorne's 'Fanshawe' doubtless reminds the reader of Charles Brockden Brown by its rugged localities and its crude contrasts of character. But there is another author of that period, whose name is now scarcely remembered and who strikingly resembles Hawthorne in his very most delicate and impalpable characteristics—the *penumbra*, so to speak, which he throws about all his delineations—so that they seem neither real nor unreal, and the reader needs no bridge to bring him back to the common day. For want of this power, Brockden Brown has always to construct some clumsy scaffolding of ventriloquism or somnambulism by way of rescue for the audience; and the most Hawthornish of our younger writers, Edward Bellamy, shows the same defect. But the first example of more subtle treatment was given in William Austin's 'Peter Rugg, the Missing Man,' first published in 1824. 'Peter Rugg' is a creation after Hawthorne's own heart; the earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and he is of them; and the place given him in the 'Virtuoso's Collection' gives proof that he had met Hawthorne's eye. The author of 'Peter Rugg' was William Austin, described by the editor of *The New England Galaxy* as 'a distinguished member of the Boston Bar.' He was born at Lunenburg, Mass., March 2d, 1778, and graduated at Harvard College in 1798, in the same class with the Rev. Dr. Channing, Judge Story and Stephen Longfellow, the poet's father.—*Col. Higginson, in The Independent.*

—*WHAT BLIZZARD MEANS.*—Of all the people familiar with the word 'blizzard,' probably not one in a thousand ever saw anything remotely resembling the thing which that word was coined to describe. In the absence of lexicographic authority, the definition of the term

is best supplied by personal experience. A blizzard means something as nearly like the sand-storm of the desert, with pulverized ice in place of sand, and a temperature as many degrees below freezing as the other marks above. Its accompaniments are perfectly well defined. They are a very low temperature, never in the genuine blizzard rising above the zero point; a tremendous wind velocity, equal to that of the most violent gales of the stormy season at sea; and the filling of the air with needle-points of ice, which blind the eyes and cut and sting like miniature arrows wherever they strike. This is the storm which benumbs, bewilders, and destroys life in its path. It has been felt in rare instances by the settlers on the treeless plains of the North. It seems, rather singularly, to occur less frequently as population and cultivation increase. There are comparatively few people in Minnesota who have ever had personal acquaintance with it. Indeed, to-day it is much rarer than a cyclone, as it is infinitely less to be dreaded; since there is some warning of its approach, and it is harmless to those who have found shelter. There will probably be blizzards in the Northwest in the future, as there will be earthquakes in New York; the one just about as frequent, and, with the increase of settlement, about as dangerous as the other. Not only, however, is it an abuse of language to use the word of even the severest snow-storm, but it is a gratuitous slander upon a winter climate which is neither intemperate nor unhealthy. The correspondents and reporters should give the cyclone and blizzard a rest.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

**RATHER HARD ON THE AMERICANS.**—On Friday of last week Dr. R. G. Latham, the ethnologist, died at 156 Upper Richmond Road, Putney. His career has been singular. After having been so important a figure in English letters that for years he was one of the first men inquired after by the celebrity-hunting foreigner in London, he had passed out of the public ken so entirely that many will be surprised to learn that he had still to die. In this fate, however, he was like another once-famous man of whom he knew something, a man who took an interest in Latham's favorite subjects—George Borrow. I well remember telling some American celebrities at one of the late Mrs. Procter's delightful Sunday afternoons, an anecdote of a whimsical meeting between Borrow and Latham. My anecdote was fully appreciated and enjoyed by my auditors till I chanced to let fall the fact that both heroes of the quaint adventure were still alive, that they occasionally met at Putney, and that I had quite lately been seeking for sundews on Wimbledon Common with the one, and strolling through Richmond Park with the other. Then the look that passed from face to face showed how dangerous it is to indulge on all occasions in the coxcombry of mere truth. And afterwards my brilliant hostess did not fail to let me know how grievously my character for veracity had suffered for having talked about two men as being alive who were well known to have been dead years ago—'talked of them as though I had just left them at luncheon.' And yet at this very time Latham and Borrow were, in the eyes of England's most illustrious men, the important names they had always been.—*Theo. Watts, in The Athenaeum, March 17.*

#### Notes

'MAX O'RELL' (Mr. Paul Blouët) sailed on Wednesday for England. Mr. Blouët has had a most successful visit to this country, and he leaves with a very agreeable impression of Brother Jonathan on his mind. Just before sailing Mr. Blouët signed a contract with Cassell & Co. for his forthcoming 'Impressions of America and the Americans.' It is needless to say that whatever Max O'Rell has to say on this dangerous subject will be interesting and amusing.

—Hitherto-unannounced volumes in the Story of the States series are 'Kansas,' by Willis J. Abbot; 'Tennessee,' by Laura C. Holloway; 'Wisconsin,' by Ruben G. Thwaites; 'Michigan,' by Charles Moore; 'New Hampshire,' by John Albee; 'Florida,' by S. G. W. Benjamin; 'South Carolina,' by Thomas Nelson Page; 'Indiana,' by George Willis Cooke; and 'Delaware,' by Olive Thorne Miller.

—Cupples & Hurd have just issued 'Matthew Arnold's First and Last Impressions of America,' consisting of 'A Word About America,' 'A Few More Words,' and his latest article, 'Civilization in the United States.'

—To the list of literary and semi-literary clubs of New York, which already comprises other than the Century, Authors, Lotus, and Press, must now be added the infelicitously named Fellowship Club, the object of which is 'to promote social intercourse among journalists, artists and men-of-letters.' The officers named by the Nominating Committee, of which Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, musical critic

of the *Tribune*, is Chairman, are as follows:—President, Franklin File, *Sun*; Vice-President, Charles Graham, *Harper's*; Secretary, Robert G. Butler, *Sun*; Treasurer, Henry Gallup Paine, *Puck*; Governors, John Foord, *Harper's Weekly*; Julian Ralph, *Sun*; Edward A. Dithmar, *Times*; Ballard Smith, *World*; Frank M. White, *Life*; George F. Foster, *Star*; Arthur F. Bowers, *Tribune*; Julius Chambers, *Herald*; Clarence C. Buel, *The Century*. There can be no doubt of the Club's prosperity from the start. Its headquarters will be at 32 West 28th Street.

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne has charge of the literary department of Chicago's new weekly, *America*.

—In Miss Emma C. Connally, of Louisville, Ky., author of a forthcoming novel called 'Tilting at Windmills,' D. Lothrop Co. think they have made a literary 'find' that will do them credit. The book is a 'border' story, dealing with 'reconstruction' days in Kentucky, and 'blending' (as well as sharply defining) the antagonistic and eventually co-ordinate elements of Northern and Southern 'opinions.'

—Harper & Bros. will soon publish a book by Edwards Roberts descriptive of a journey from Omaha through Colorado, Idaho, and the Yellowstone Park, which will be fully illustrated. Mr. Roberts has an article on Denver in the May *Harper's* which he will follow in a subsequent number with one on 'Two Montana Cities.' Others from his pen are in preparation for early publication.

—S. A. E., of Rochester, N. Y., asks:—'Is not Mr. Lathrop in error when he gives the date of birth of the poet Barnes as 1829 and then makes him out to be 65 years of age?' Mr. Lathrop is in error; but so is S. A. E. It was of Boker, not Barnes, that Mr. Lathrop was writing. Mr. Boker was born in October, 1823, and is accordingly sixty-five and a half. In a review, not by Mr. Lathrop, of a life of Barnes, in the same number (April 14), that poet and philologist is said to have lived from 1801 to 1886.

—The third issue of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's 'Review of the New York Musical Season,' 1887-1888, to be published about the middle of May, will include the usual full and accurate accounts of all concert and opera performances, with programmes and lists of artists, and critical comments on 'Siegfried,' the 'Götterdämmerung,' 'Otello,' and other new operas produced here this season.

—Prof. G. Stanley Hall of Johns Hopkins has accepted his call to the Presidency of the new Clark University at Worcester.

—Eugene Schuyler contributes an important article on Bulgaria and the East to the *New Princeton Review* for May. Literary articles in the same number are John Stafford Fisk's paper on Balzac, and 'Pastoral Elegies,' by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, the latter discussing, among other works, the 'Thyrsis' of the late Matthew Arnold.

—It is a sign of an awakened interest in American fiction that a serial by Capt. King ('A War-time Wooing') will follow 'A Strange Manuscript,' now running in *Harper's Weekly*; and that a new story by Bret Harte is promised. That the popularity of Henry James has not declined may be judged from the fact that the next issues of *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century*, *Scribner's* and *Macmillan's* will each contain contributions from his pen. The story in *The Century* will be called 'The Liar.' 'Annie Kilburn,' a new serial by Mr. Howells, will begin in *Harper's* for June.

—*The Athenaeum* hears from Madrid that Keats's grandniece, Elena Blockmann, who has attained some distinction as a painter, is at present engaged upon a life-sized portrait of the Queen-Regent and the infant King. Miss Blockmann has recently passed through a dangerous illness.

—*The Forum* gives signs of prosperity by moving from its present quarters at 71 Fifth Avenue to large offices further uptown on the same fashionable thoroughfare. The magazine's 'Books that Have Helped Me' series is to be published forthwith by D. Appleton & Co. in a paper volume uniform with the 'How I Was Educated' papers, which have gone into a second edition.

—Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke has just printed, privately, a small volume of 'Memorial Sonnets,' etc. It contains much tender allusion to the late Mr. Clarke, his relations with Keats being, of course, touched on. Some of the sonnets are about the author's early friend, Leigh Hunt.

—Belford, Clarke & Co. announce the early publication of *Belford's Magazine*, with Col. Donn Piatt as editor-in-chief, assisted by a large staff of able contributors. *Belford's Magazine* will devote a large part of its space to politics, and will openly espouse the cause of Democracy and of the present administration. The departments of fiction and general literature will not be neglected, and each issue will contain a complete novel after the plan successfully inaugurated by *Lippincott's Magazine*.

—Theodore Stanton writes to remind us that Mme. Jules Favre, who is at the head of the Superior Normal School for women at Sevres, a State institution which furnishes professors for the women's colleges throughout France, has translated all of Emerson's writings into French. The manuscript is ready for the printer, but Mme. Favre's friends oppose her publishing it at her own expense, as she is not able. Mr. Stanton urges Emerson's admirers in this country to take up the matter and secure a perfect translation of the American poet-philosopher's writings into French. His address is No. 9 Rue de Bassano, Paris, should any one wish to communicate with him on this subject.

—The two articles, in prose and verse, which Austin Dobson contributes to the May *Scribner's* in commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope, are illustrated with a number of very interesting portraits of Pope, his mother, and Martha and Theresa Blount, and views of his house, garden, and grotto. These have been reproduced from contemporary prints collected by Mr. Dobson. The frontispiece of the number will be from a portrait of Pope by Kneller, made in 1716.

—A gentleman, who deals in stocks, has employed the enforced leisure of the present dull season in Wall Street to write a novel which he gives the startling title of 'Ask Her! Man! Ask Her,' and writes over the pen-name of A. B. Roker. G. W. Dillingham will publish this volume; and also one by T. Robinson Warren, entitled 'On Deck; or, Advice to Corinthian Yachtmen.'

—Mr. Bigelow's 'France and the Confederate Navy' is published by Harper & Bros. Interesting revelations concerning the aid which Napoleon III. tried to give to the South during the Rebellion abound in it and make lively reading. From the same press come a revised edition of Green's 'Short History of the English People,' edited by Mrs. Green, under careful directions left by her late husband; and 'A New Robinson Crusoe,' by Mr. W. L. Alden, United States Consul at Rome, with illustrations by Frederick Barnard.

—The Board of Directors of the new Players' Club has organized for active work. Its officers are Edwin Booth, President; Augustin Daly, Vice-President; William Bispham, Treasurer; and Laurence Hutton, Secretary.

—Hawley Smart's 'A False Start,' reviewed in our last issue, is now published in paper covers by D. Appleton & Co.

—Theodore Roosevelt's pursuit and capture of a party of thieves who stole a boat from his ranch, already mentioned in the newspapers, will be described by Mr. Roosevelt in the May *Century*, in his series on ranch life. James Whitcomb Riley will have a new dialect poem in the same number, 'The Absence of Little Wesley,' accompanied by a full-page illustration by Kemble; and Col. William F. Fox will compute 'The Chances of Being Hit in Battle.'

—Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlburt, Principal of the Chautauqua Reading Circle, has made this frank statement in *The Chautauquan*:

Several letters have been received, making inquiry why Dr. Hale's American History closes with the War of 1812, and contains no account of events in recent times, such as the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the reconstruction since 1865. Many reasons could be named why in a circle such as ours these subjects should have no place as a part of the regular course of study, though there is nothing to forbid local circles taking them up. We have thousands of readers on both sides of the line, and it would be impossible to satisfy one class without grievously offending another, in whatever way the history should be written.

—Mrs. Martha Lamb, editor of *The Magazine of American History*—who has happily recovered from the injuries received in being knocked down and run over in front of her office in Broadway, recently—contributes to the May *Magazine* a paper entitled 'Alfred Smith Barnes: Half a Century as a Schoolbook Publisher,' the frontispiece of the number being a portrait of the subject of her sketch. President Lincoln is recalled anew in a budget of reminiscences by the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman.

—The life of the late W. E. Forster, on which Mr. Wemyss Reid has been engaged ever since Mr. Forster's death, will be issued in London early in May.

—Zola's new novel, now appearing as a serial in the *Revue Illustrée* is called 'Le Rêve.' It will be followed by five others, in the Rougon-Macquart cycle. The first will deal with the army, the second with the judiciary, the third with the press and finances, and the fourth and fifth with war and socialism.

—A charitable project of the composer Rossini is at last on the eve of fulfilment, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*. He left a legacy of about \$1,000,000 to the Charity Commissioners of Paris, who were to capitalize the interest for five years and then expend it upon a retreat for indigent musicians of sixty years or over. The building was to contain a hundred beds, each inmate having a room of his own, and the number of attendants being ten. Otherwise Ros-

sini left the control with the Assistance Publique, who have already built the 'Fondation Rossini,' which will be opened in a few days.

—A writer in *Notes and Queries* has this to say of a word very familiar to American ears:

The word 'blizzard' is well known through the Midlands, and its cognates are fairly numerous. I have known the word and its kin fully thirty years. Country folks use the word to denote blazing, blasting, blinding, dazzling, or stifling. One who has had to face a severe storm of snow, hail, rain, dust or wind, would say on reaching shelter, that he had 'faced a blizer,' or that the storm was 'a regular blizzard.' A blinding flash of lightning would call forth the exclamation, 'My! that wor a blizomer!' or 'That wor a blizer!' 'Put towthry sticks on th' fire, an' let's have a blizer'—blaze. 'A good blizom'—a good blaze. 'That tree is blizzarded'—blasted, withered. As an oath the word is often used, and 'May I be blizzarded' will readily be understood.

—G. W. S. sent the following items of literary interest to the *Tribune*, in his cablegram of Thursday, April 19:

Matthew Arnold was buried this afternoon at Laleham Church, two miles from Staines, on the Thames. Large numbers of friends went down from London by train, arriving at Staines just before noon, and thence driving to Laleham. Among them were Mr. Browning, Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge; the Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett; the historian, Mr. Lecky; Mr. Henry James, the American; Mr. Mundella, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Admiral Egerton, Sir George Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and Sir Edwin Arnold. Mr. Frederick Macmillan represented one firm of Mr. Arnold's publishers, and Mr. Arnold's stanch friend, Mr. George Smith, with his son, the other—the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., who issued nearly all his prose works. Many others came, but I saw no representative of either the Government or the Court. Laleham Church is a very small and seemingly a very ancient building of extreme simplicity, with a picturesque red brick, ivy-covered, square tower. Here lie three of Mr. Arnold's children in the narrow churchyard. Houses crowd close up to it, and the place is quiet but not solitary. The hearse and carriages following, with the family, arrived just after 12. The Dean of Westminster and Archdeacon Farrar went out from the church to meet the body, which lay in a plain oak coffin embosomed in flowers. It entered the low porch with friends on either hand. The church was filled and the service was said, the coffin resting near the entrance. The service at the grave was read by the Dean of Westminster amid heavily falling rain, and with two or three hundred mourners about the grave. Very solemn was this sorrowing company, and singularly impressive the scene in its perfect simplicity and perfect sincerity. All was over before 1, and the last 'good-bye' said to the great writer and beloved friend.

—Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has come, seen, been seen, and not conquered. The audience which gathered in Westminster Town Hall on Tuesday evening to hear him expound the 'Great Cryptogram' was large at the beginning, but grew beautifully less long before the end. He spoke for two hours and a half. The papers report him in a highly condensed form, and nobody of the least importance, whether in the press or among persons of distinction in literature or elsewhere, treats him or his theory seriously.

### The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

No. 1336.—In what poem do these lines occur:

Her life was full of sunshine, and peace was in her breast;  
Contentment was her motto and heartsease was her crest.

C.

No. 1337.—Who is Ramsay Morris, author of a poem called 'Cleopatra'? Does any one know his address?

NEW YORK.

A. S.

No. 1338.—Please tell me where I can get a new or second-hand copy of some edition of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' with all the foreign and classic passages translated into English.

C. D.

[A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, publish what is recognized, we believe, as the best edition, containing translations of the classical extracts. 3 vols., \$5.25. D. G. Francis, Astor Place, has a copy in excellent condition; \$3.]

No. 1339.—Where can I find a poem by Charles Kingsley, with the refrain 'Barum-barum boree'?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. B. S.

[The refrain is 'Barum Barum Baree,' and occurs in 'Last Poem.' See page 325 of Macmillan & Co.'s 1882 edition of Kingsley's Poems.]

No. 1340.—Where can one find the best concise account of the details of the Brook Farm Experiment?

WILMINGTON, OHIO.

[One of the most interesting accounts of Brook Farm, containing the articles of association, is given in the *Life of George Ripley*, by O. B. Frothingham, in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s American Men-of-Letters Series. Mr. Frothingham, at the end of his own account, recommends to him who would fully appreciate the spirit of the Brook Farm Association, *Atlantic Monthly*, 1878, and *Old and New*, Feb., April and Sept., 1871, and May 1872. There is also, in the same author's 'Transcendentalism in New England,' an excellent notice. John Humphrey Noyes, in his 'History of American Socialism,' gives the evolution and principles of the experiment. Col. T. W. Higginson, in his biography of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, also gives a short sketch; and there are, besides, many other accounts in the lives of those persons who were more or less associated with the Farm. But the most delightful picture of all is found in that masterpiece of fiction, Hawthorne's 'Blithedale Romance.]

No. 1341.—How does it happen that, in common parlance, the first or Christian names of women are so changed as Elizabeth to 'Bess' or 'Betty,' Eliza to 'Betsey,' Annie to 'Nancy' and Mary to 'Polly'?

NEW YORK.

C. R. D.

No. 1342.—Can you give me any information as to who are the authors of the following quotations:

- 1. Out of the snow, snow-drops—out of life comes death.
- 2. O! weary woman, thine the weary work.
- 3. Who hath endured the whole can endure each part.
- 4. A wasted grief was never yet recorded.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

L. M.

ANSWERS.

No. 1335.—5. Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' lines 500-502; correctly, thus:

That if gold ruste, what shall ired doo?  
For if a preest be foul on whom we trustee,  
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste.

BOONTON, N. J.

J. P. A.

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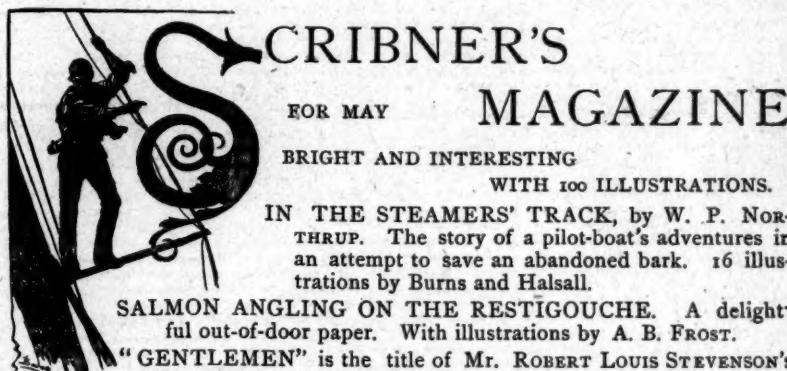
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Publications Received.

EXCERPT OF new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Bernard, H. N.	Mental Characteristics of the Lord Jesus Christ.	\$1.50.	Thos. Whittaker.
Campbell, J. P.	The Summerless Sea.	.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Cavendish, Whist.	\$1.	.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Chaptree, A.	A Flurry in Diamonds.	25c.	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Davis, H.	Shakespeare's Sonnets.	.....	San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.
De Land, M.	John Ward, Preacher.	\$1.50	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Dowden, E.	Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor.	\$1.50	Longmans, Green & Co.
	Encyclopedic Britannica, Vol. XXIII.	.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Ewing, H.	A Castle in the Air.	\$1.	Henry Holt & Co.
Hardy, E. J.	Faint, Yet Pursuing.	\$1.25	Thos. Whittaker.
Hale, L. P., and Byner, E. L.	An Unclosed Skeleton.	.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Hayden, W. B.	Manual of Religious Instruction.	.....	New Church Board of Pub.
Henry, E.	'89.	\$1.25	.....
Hodge, A. A., and J. A.	The System of Geology.	\$1.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Holden, W.	Fourteen Sonnets.	.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Jones, C. C., Jr.	Negro Myths.	\$1.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Kurtz, C. M.	National Academy Notes.	50c	Cassell & Co.
Leeds, H. G., and Dwight, J.	The Laws of Euchre.	50c	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Lull, Rev. Dr. Los.	Father Solon.	\$1.50	Wilbur B. Ketcham.
Malcolm, J.	Sketches of Persia.	10c	Cassell & Co.
Manners.	50c	.....	Cassell & Co.
Manly, B.	Bible Doctrine of Inspiration.	\$1.25	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Matthews, B.	Cheap Books and Good Books.	.....	American Copyright League.
Morris, W.	Atlanta's Race.	75c	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Murey, T. J.	Luncheon.	75c	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
New Statement.	The.	50c	Malden: H. R. Burdick.
O'Reilly, J. B.	Ethics of Boxing.	\$1.50	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Paris, Comte de.	The Civil War in America.	Vol. IV.	Phila.: Porter & Coates.
Read, O. P.	Len Gansett.	50c	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Rock or the Rye, The.	.....	.....	Mobile: Gossips Printing Co.
Roe, E. P.	An Original Belle.	50c	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Roe, E. P.	Found, Yet Lost.	25c	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Rosenthal, R. S.	The Meisterschaft System.	50c	Boston: Meisterschaft Pub. Co.
Sawyer, H. C.	Nerve Waste.	.....	San Francisco: Bancroft Co.
Shakespeare, Wm.	A Midsummer Night's Dream.	\$1.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Shorthouse, J. H.	A Teacher of the Violin.	\$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Smith, G. B.	William I. and the German Empire.	\$1.	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Stoddard, Wm. O.	John Tyler and James Knox Polk.	\$1.25	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Strong, A. H.	Philosophy and Religion.	\$1.50	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Taylor, W. L.	His Broken Sword.	\$1.25	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
	Vacation Journal, The.	\$1.25	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Wilkie, F. B.	The Gambler.	.....	A. F. D. Randolph & Co.
Wood, H. F.	The Passenger from Scotland Yard.	50c	Chicago: T. S. Denison.
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